ters are as frigid as fifty years old; they suggest fifteen years of marriage. They convey the friendship, the sentiments, of the winter of life. Fie, Josephine! It is wicked, it is bad, it is treasonable of you! What more can you do to make me unhappy? Love me no more ? Eh! That's already done! Hate me? — Well, let it be! Everything degrades save hatred. But indifference, with its marble pulse, its steady stare, its even step . . . 1

21st, Ferrara:

(To Cardinal Mattel) The Court of Rome has declined the offers of the Directoire; it is arming, it wants war; it shall have it. But I owe to my country, to humanity, to myself, one last effort to bring the Pope to sentiments more moderate and more in keeping with his sacred office. Go to Rome, see the Holy Father, enlighten him as to his true interests. An arrangement is still possible.

24th, Verona:

The bishop cardinal of Ferrara, a Roman prince with a revenue of 150,000 francs, gives all to the people and lives in his church. I have sent him to Rome on the pretext of negotiating, but really to get rid of him: he was delighted with his mission.

The Pope's folly is incredible. My intention is to get as far as Ancona under cover of the armistice, and there to declare myself. The art of the thing will be to keep on juggling for the present, so as to deceive the old fox.